

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 8.]

AUGUST, 1865.

[PRICE 1½d.]

THE QUAKER'S LOVE.

By MARY W. JANVRIN.

"I AM sorry thou dost not love me, Martha."

The speaker was a young man of pleasant, frank countenance, though not a shadow of disappointment lingered on his features, and he stood in the low, old-fashioned sitting-room of Elder Grant's house, one quiet October evening.

Reuben Kane's fair open countenance did not belie his nature. Straightforward, manly, shrewd at a bargain with "the world's people," and, because of his superior business talents, promoted to head offices in the Society,—kind-hearted, and though sober-minded, yet fond of a joke now and then,—it was not strange that with all these qualities the young man should have come to be regarded as a pattern by the old people, and an "eligible one" by many a fair Quaker maiden.

Perhaps Elder Grant, from his high seat where he sat regularly every Seventh day—now in silence, now uttering the inspirations which "the Spirit" prompted—had never lifted his eyes to note the young man's gaze, which turned oftener across the aisle to the row of occupied wooden seats opposite, where the demure Martha sat; but when Reuben sought him one October day, and though very red in the face, and with an unwonted stammer in his speech, spoke of his love as connected with his Martha, the old man placed his hand on his shoulder, and said candidly:

"Go to the girl, Reuben, and tell thy story. There isn't a lad in the village I'd rather have for a son than thee."

And so Reuben went with the proffer of his strong earnest heart to the girl, and met, not, as he fondly believed and dreamed, a blushing, timid, "Yea, Reuben,"

from her rosy lips, but a firm, though kindly-worded refusal.

"Nay, Reuben, don't ask it! I wish thee had not come hither with thy offer of affection, when there are so many others worthy of thee;" and the young girl paused, as if compassionating him.

"I am sorry thou dost not love me, Martha."

It was all he said—it did not betray any outburst of feeling; but it was sad and touching in its very calmness, and the girl was affected by it, and did not know what to reply.

There was a little pause there in the old sitting-room.

"Yea, I am very sorry, Martha," he repeated at length. "I did not think of any but thee—I did not know or care if they are worthier—I only loved thee truly, Martha."

"I never dreamed it, Reuben. I wish thee had not told me of this," said the girl, covering her face with her hands, and strangely moved.

"Perhaps it is because of my sudden speaking that thou art mistaken in thy feelings towards me, Martha," said the young man kindly, hopefully, noticing her agitation. "Art thou sure, Martha, thou dost not care for me in the least?"

"Yes, quite sure," she said hastily. "As a friend, Reuben, thou art cherished, and will be always; but don't ask more, I pray thee. Don't speak of this!"

A sad look, a springing moisture was in the youth's large blue eyes, and the girl's gaze fell upon his. He did not leave a kiss upon the little soft hand he held, as more gallant lovers do at parting; but he did press it long and earnestly, as though loth to resign it, and then said, in a low voice: "Good night, Martha. God bless and keep thee!"—then passed out.

And Martha Grant sat long after the young man had left her, with a troubled look creeping up to dim the brightness of her eyes, and her little hands folded in a quiet dreamy sort of fashion, as if she were thinking deeply.

Martha was not happy. Day by day, going about her father's house and directing the domestic duties, a troubled light crept into her eyes, and a nervous, restless feeling imbued her being. She grew thin also, and the face that looked out from her Sunday bonnet had lost something of its freshness.

"Perhaps she repents her dismissal of the lad Reuben," the elder said, looking upon her. "It cannot be that she is pining for that city fop, who asked her of me last fall. Martha is too sensible a girl to think long of him. She was always an obedient child, and that was but a girl's fancy. I hope it may come round right with Reuben yet; he's a worthy lad, and Martha knows how much I set by him."

But the elder's wish was not destined to be gratified. Though Martha, like a dutiful child, refused to marry clandestinely young Philip Bentley, who, meeting the young Quaker maiden during a sojourn in that quiet village, and falling violently in love, had besought her to elope with him, then return for the forgiveness which he knew the old elder would scarcely withhold, despite the rigid notions which caused him at once peremptorily to refuse the hand of one of the "world's people."

At length she fell really ill, and Sabbath after Sabbath her sweet face was not seen in the meeting-house on the hill.

"How is Martha?" asked Reuben, one Sunday, joining the elder as he walked homewards.

"Well, I don't know, Reuben," replied the old man. "Somehow, the girl don't seem to get strength. Come in, lad, and sit awhile. May be thy cheering talk will brighten up Martha."

"Nay, elder, I don't think Martha cares for my society. But, elder, I heard something the other day"—and the young man's face grew suffused with colour—"I know thee will not think me intrusive, Elder Grant."

"Nay, lad, out with it!" replied the

elder. "Is it anything concerning Martha?"

"Elder Grant, I heard the other day about that young man who asked Martha's hand of thee. He was in our neighbourhood again; and he told friend Parker that he had come once more to seek the prettiest maiden in Enfield. They say he is a wealthy man, too. Didst thou ever think, elder, that Martha may have cared a good deal for him?"

"Nay, Reuben," and the elder's words shewed as much asperity as ever dared to intrude on the equable Quaker's speech. "What's got thee, lad? I thought thou wast once a suitor for Martha's hand thyself, and this is strange indeed, if thou hast taken up pleading the cause of another man, and he outside of the sect. It may be, after all, that Martha fancied the young fellow, for I confess he was a smooth-spoken, gentlemanly man; but I thought the girl would in time forget him, and I should yet call thee son-in-law, Reuben."

"Nay, elder," he replied. "Martha does not love me in the least—of that I am well assured; and I would not, at the risk of wrecking her happiness, ask her again to become my wife, even if I knew she would answer 'yea.' Rather would I see her mated with this young man tarrying over yonder at the village, and for whom I have no doubt she is pining. May be thou hast been too strict, elder?"

"What, Reuben! Thou, a Quaker lad, urging with me to consent that Martha may marry one of the world's people!" exclaimed the elder.

"He is worthy and comes of a good stock. The Bentleys are of a good old family, and, after all, Martha might be happier there in her city home than pining here. She could not control her love, I suppose, elder," replied Reuben, calmly.

"May be—may be, Reuben. And Martha has always been a good child—good as she is homely," and a dash of pride was infused into the elder's tones; for, despite his prejudice against the "world's people," he could not but feel a little flattered that his child's beauty should have attracted the admiration of one whose cause Reuben now stood pleading.

"A good girl Martha has been, and per-

haps she set more by the young fellow than I thought. At any rate, I want to secure her happiness, and though I'd set my mind on having you for a son-in-law, Reuben, yet if thou art set upon giving the girl up because thou art sure she does not or cannot love thee, I'll have a talk with her, and also inquire into the character of this city youth, who I suppose will be hanging round again. But walk in, lad; Martha is sitting by the window, and will be glad to see thee, I doubt not."

"Nay, not to-night, elder," replied the young man from the garden gate, where he had lingered to talk the matter over. "Thee had not better defer thy conversation, but get a little colour into Martha's pale cheeks, if thou canst;" and glancing toward the window where the pale girl sat, he bade her father good evening and turned away.

And Martha, looking after the plain, quiet Quaker youth, little thought what a self-sacrificing act he had performed, in thus resigning his deep strong love to secure her happiness in another's; but when the elder laid his hand on her head, and said, "Well, my girl, I have a half mind to send thee out among the world's people—even Reuben wants to get rid of thee, I believe, since he has been begging in thy favour," and then talked long with Martha about her city lover, who, she confessed, had improved the afternoon while the elder was in church to pay her a stolen visit—then the girl knew to whose unselfish affection she owed the prospect of a happy future with her own beloved.

And when—as happened in the bright June time, much to the wonderment of all and the censure of many a broad-brim in that Quaker society, save Kane—the handsome Philip Bentley bore away to his splendid city home the fairest Quaker flower, Martha, placing her hand in the Quaker youth's to bid him good-bye, could scarce restrain the tears of gratitude which sprang into her blue eyes.

"The lad has done a self-sacrificing deed this day, for I am sure that he loves my girl still," mused the elder; "but Reuben Kane is not the lad who would hesitate to do this in order to make Martha happy. I wish the girl had taken

to him. But there is no use wishing now—I've given her to young Bentley, and it is plain he loves her enough to make her happy, though if anybody had come to me and said, 'Friend Grant, thy daughter will marry one of the world's people,' I should have waxed wroth, and said, 'Thou art in error, friend. It cannot be!'"—and the elder walked soberly into his lone house.

Ten years have passed. There is change in the Quaker village. The old meeting-house on the hill presents the same friendly appearance, it is true; but new elders sit in the places where the old ones sat. Elder Grant's broad-brim, covering silvery hairs, no longer greets the eye in the wonted seat on the wooden platform; his old farm-house has passed into other hands; the roses and vines that Martha Grant used to tend are now trained by stranger hands; and for these seven long years, since they laid her father away in the old burial-place, her feet have never crossed the threshold of that olden home.

Reuben Kane—an "elder" now, and promoted to highest offices, both temporal and spiritual, in the gift of the Society—looks older and wears a graver face than when we saw him last; for the gravity is habitual now, and seems deeply settled in his heart too.

Since the day when Mrs. Bentley came in her costly mourning robes and leaning on the arm of her handsome, proud-looking husband, to look with sobs and tears upon the calm white face of the elder in his coffin, Reuben has not spoken with Martha; he had seen her once, though, and that was in the city where she dwelt, and where the Quaker went on business connected with the Society; but she was in her sumptuous carriage, with its footman in livery, and he in his plain gray attire and broad-brimmed hat, and the distance was wide between them now.

Philip Bentley, though he loved his beautiful wife, was a proud man, and grew prouder and sterner with his years; and she he had wedded for her beauty must never refer to her old-fashioned faith or home.

Perhaps, had Martha Bentley been left to herself, in time she might have become all, or much, her worldly husband desired her to be; but the very fact that he laid his commands upon her, weighed

heavily upon a nature unused to restraint, and when she turned from her father's grave to her fashionable life again, it was with a sad feeling of loneliness and a heavy heart.

Time passed; and then there came to Reuben a tale of the rich man's death. Suddenly smitten down in his worldly pleasures and pursuits, Philip Bentley died and was buried; and his widow was left mistress of a vast estate.

Such was the story that came to him in his quiet home; but remembering that vision of haughty beauty sitting in her velvet-lined carriage in the city street, he only sighed, and said to himself:

"Well, Martha Bentley is a rich and worldly woman now. God give her grace to keep her heart from vanity, and preserve her from the deceitfulness of riches. She is a changed woman from the girl who used to trip lightly about the old place yonder, or sit in the old meeting-house on the hill. Ah, well!"—and with a long sigh the grave-faced Quaker went about his daily tasks again.

There was a stir in Enfield—that is, as great a stir as the placid, equable tempered Friends of the Society there found it possible to indulge in. Sober-by-rule Quaker countenances were looks of surprise; "thees" and "thous" fell from matron lips at a more glib pace than customary; and a knot of broad-brimmed men might have been seen at various hours of the long June day collected at "the Corner" in close conversation.

The widow of Philip Bentley—the rich widow now, but once little Martha Grant, the elder's daughter—had bought the old place, and was coming back to settle again!

Reuben Kane heard the story of her return with calmness. "She is not the simple Quaker maiden I knew," he said to himself, "and it can make no difference now to me." Had he known how little changed at heart was Martha Bentley, I think his judgment might have been different.

On the first Sunday of the rich widow's return, she was seen in her old seat in the humble meeting-house on the hill! And she went not thither in her elegant carriage, but walking slowly along the country, clad in plain mourning attire—pausing now to pluck a wild rose bloom-

ing by the path, now to look around on the calm landscape, bathed in the blessed Sabbath quiet, and to thank God that the white dove of peace might enter her heart.

And at twilight, while Reuben Kane wandered slowly in the old village burial-ground, he once again stood face to face with Martha beside the elder's grave.

"Friend Reuben, I am glad to see thee," she said, turning from plucking a white rose from the bush the Quaker's hands had planted there by the head-stone.

"Martha, I am glad to learn that thou hast come to take up thy abode with us again!" replied the Quaker, kindly reaching forth his brown, toil-hardened hand to take the lady's fair, delicate, proffered one.

There is little more to be told. It is no high-wrought story of romantic wooing we have to record—only a quiet narration, how that deep abiding love of years which had slumbered, but not died, in Reuben Kane's heart, and which he had thought never to have felt again, was still destined to be crowned with successful reward.

And yet this came to pass so naturally and simply, that it seemed as if all those intervening years had been stricken from his memory, and again he were a frank, pleasant-featured youth, and Martha were not the city widow, but Elder Grant's rosy-cheeked daughter, going about her home duties there in the old farm-house.

Whenever Reuben called at Martha Bentley's—as latterly he had fallen into the habit of doing—he rarely seated himself in the splendidly furnished parlour, but paused instead in the old familiar sitting-room, where he had been accustomed to sit for hours and hold converse with the elder.

"Nay, let me sit here, friend Martha," he replied to her invitation to enter the parlour: "this seems most like home to me, and I can almost see the elder's white head leaning against the back of the high arm-chair yonder. Thou keepest his cane in yonder corner, I see, and his Bible and spectacles on the table. These must seem like old days to thee, Martha."

And Martha's softly-spoken reply, while the quick tears sprang into her brown eyes, seemed to satisfy Reuben that the old times had returned again also

for him; for somehow the grave-faced man found courage to repeat a story that had been spoken in that old sitting-room twelve years before, when both were younger, but one was less wise than now.

And Martha's reply must have been very different than fell on Reuben's ears those twelve years ago, for a tender light crept into the Quaker's blue eyes and overspread his face, till its gravity vanished in an expression of pleasure and happiness.

"Thou art quite sure thou carest more for me than a common friend, Martha?" he said, looking earnestly into her face.

"Yea, Reuben, quite sure! And I have thought sometimes, Reuben, that I might have been the happier, perhaps, if I had not said 'nay' to thy love once," she added. "Philip was kind, and he loved me; but, Reuben, I have learned that the sparrow or robin should not go to live in the king-bird's nest, but sit at home and sing in its own humble fields. I am not so young or light-hearted as I was then, Reuben, but I shall not expect too much; I give you a true affection, and I think we may both see something of happiness yet."

"Yea, Martha, I believe this also. We may both be very happy. Martha, I am glad thou canst love me even a little. We will trust in the future, and thank God because He has permitted our lives at last to meet in one!"—and there was something like a tear on the Quaker's sun-browned cheek, as he lifted her soft white hand to his lips.

There was great surprise in the fashionable world Martha Bentley had left, but satisfaction and approval among the Society of Friends in her native village, and, best of all, a quiet, full happiness in her own heart, when, standing up one fair October Sabbath in the old Quaker meeting-house on the hill, she joined her hand and life with Reuben Kane's, and thus rewarded long years of devotion and the early sacrifice of the "Quaker's love."

THE UMBRELLA.

SOME of the simplest incidents of common life illustrate and teach us the great principles that often govern society and human history. Take, for instance, the following; you may call it the force of

habit, or the *vis inertiae* of mind and matter.—It had been a sharp shower, but had quickly cleared off. The people who had umbrellas spread them out and paced on. It was very amusing to see the people still sailing along the street with upraised umbrellas. The rain was gone, the sun had again peered out with a smiling face behind the transient cloud and glistened on the tops of the umbrellas: we smiled to see in open sunshine, hoisted for the shower that was gone, many an umbrella.—This little incident certainly illustrates the force of habit, or a tendency in human society, when put in motion, to sustain that motion when the reason for it may have ceased to exist. And just as the old umbrella looks ridiculous over head when the shower is past, so do many of the customs of both Church and State look equally absurd when the reason is gone for their further continuance. See that priest before the altar, with his lighted candles at noonday, imitating the ancient Christians, who were driven into caves and holes of the earth—he is a good illustration of the umbrella. The Church repeating its *three creeds* is as grotesque a spectacle to a thinking man not swept on by the tide of habit, as an effort in fair weather to carry above head three old umbrellas. Once an oath in court was a solemn thing; it is now a bauble and a mischief, and reminds one again of the umbrella. The English Parliament has not consented in its Oath Bill to allow its Roman Catholic members to put down one umbrella; yet we trust this profanity of oaths is about to be abolished for ever. But bodies, large bodies, political and ecclesiastical, gain so great a momentum by the course of years in a given direction, that it is not so easy to stop them and tell them it does not rain now, and that they may put down their umbrellas. Not a few of the old customs of society are purely grotesque to a thoughtful mind, while others are actually mischievous and dangerous umbrellas. The work, therefore, of the reformer in every age is often to deal with what is nothing more than the force of habit, the *vis inertiae* of society. The determined enemies of change, the conservators of old customs and creeds, the opponents of progress, have their use as

they go along in fine weather with their umbrellas. They save society against sudden change; they reiterate history, the thoughts, feelings and passions of the past, so that history is not forgotten. We must bear patiently this law of life. We must labour faithfully for a reformed Church and State. The new and the better will be carried down to posterity by the same law illustrated after the shower in the umbrella.

THE RELATION BETWEEN IGNORANCE AND CRIME.

In a previous article we have shewn that the criminals of society are, as a rule, the neglected and ignorant; and that if we would save our people from the low and degrading states of vice and criminal habits, we must educate them; a better secular and religious instruction must be given. Much there has been done in the last forty years which has reduced the ignorance of our population so considerably, that from 1818, when only 1 in 17 could read and write, to 1858, it was found 1 in 7 could read and write. This progress is now beginning to tell on the number of our criminals. In the course of the last few years there has been a great decrease of commitments. In 1854, there were 28,494 persons committed to trial; in 1859, there were 15,924. In 1856, there were 110,906 sentenced by magistrates; in 1859, there were 103,733; and we believe the reduction steadily increases. In three years, the reduction of the commitments of boys was from ten thousand to six thousand, and of girls from two thousand to one thousand. A writer on this subject, Mr. Baker, says, "that the decrease of commitments, great as it is, falls far short of the decrease of the number of crimes." This is very encouraging to the educationalist; for the increase of criminals during the last half century was very frightful, through the increased facilities and temptations to robbery, and also the means of detection. But we must not rest here, for we are far short of the education and the virtue of other countries. One-third of our adult population still sign their hand with a mark; and out of a population of five millions of children between the ages of 3 and 15, only two millions of them are attending school.

Admitting that 600,000 of these are employed, and too soon employed, there are 2,250,000 children to be accounted for that might be sent to school. Without greater industry is shewn in seeking out the ignorant and having them educated, we may expect the fruits of this still wide-spread ignorance to be found among us. Humble as may be the office of teaching a child its letters and imparting a little useful secular instruction, this is the portal through which we must help the poor, and in doing this, we venture to say, we have done more for the cause of civilization and of Christian life than if we had taken an enemy's city.

There is another interesting fact in connection with crime and ignorance we have discovered—that is, education is much more deterrent over females than the males of our population. While 82 men of good education are sent to prison in one year, only 4 women of good education are committed in the same period; and that in prisons generally the men are better informed than the women. In the general population, education is one-half more prevalent among men than women; but in the criminal population there are two ignorant women for one man. That in Scotland and Ireland, where the women are still less educated, there is a much greater number of female criminals than in England, in proportion to the whole population. In the three countries, the number of female criminals is found to be exactly in the inverse ratio of the number of females at school. We could almost save our entire female population from vice, at least with more certainty and assurance, by giving them a good education. This is very encouraging to the teachers of girls.

There is another point, before we leave this subject, we shall briefly notice. In the whole body of criminals, 40 per cent. are labourers, 18 per cent. mechanics and skilled workmen, 22 per cent. are persons of no occupation. Now it is found that from 80 to 90 per cent. of our criminal population are those who are compelled to spend their leisure hours in the moral and physical atmosphere of our crowded towns, or to seek their enjoyments in pothouses and taverns, through the want of comfortable homes or places of innocent enjoyment. So whatever can be

done to entertain the population after their work hours by reading and club rooms, lectures, exhibitions, &c., would lessen the depravity that now exists.

It has also been pointed out by more than one person who has examined the early life of our criminal population, that a very large number of them, when children, had lost one or both of their parents; that much of their ignorance and crime, the hard and debased condition of their nature, had arisen from neglect and bad treatment; that our criminals are frequently more worthy of our deep pity than of our contempt and severe punishment. It is a lost, wasted and vicious life, through the evil circumstances of early youth or infancy.

From what we have learned of the prison statistics of the last thirty years, it is certain that we must put forth more vigorous efforts for a solid, useful and Christian education. A mere smattering of learning does not do. About fifty per cent. of the criminals of our land could make an effort at reading and writing, but such an effort as was worthless to them. Indeed, 90 out of 100 might be said to be ignorant persons; the other 10 had received some years of schooling; while only 4 out of 1000 were found to be persons of superior education. A moderate sized house would contain all the well-educated criminals of our land. How true the words of our poet,

"Ignorance is the curse of God;
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to
heaven!"

The day-labourer, when his work is done, if he cannot enjoy himself with a book or a work of art, sinks down into some low and sensual enjoyment. His family is neglected, and they are brought up in ignorance and depraved tastes. What opportunities of doing good wait upon us in the present state of our civilization! The late good Prince Albert said before an educational conference in 1857, "It is man's duty to fulfil his mission to the utmost of his power; but it is our duty, the duty of those whom Providence has removed from this awful struggle, and placed beyond this fearful danger, manfully, unceasingly and untiringly to aid by advice, assistance and example, the great bulk of the people, who without such aid must always inevitably succumb to the difficulties of their task."

MY FATHER'S WITHDRAWAL FROM EARTH.

By A. J. DAVIS.

At quarter before six o'clock, Monday afternoon, April 10, 1865, my venerable father closed his physical eyes for ever. Those eyelids which had been raised and dropped, opened and closed, in keeping with the laws of action and rest, during eighty-three years of earthly existence, went down over the fixed gaze for the last time. He "died" externally when "life" in the temple became heavy and a burden.

For years his chief source of entertainment consisted in books and the liberal publications of the day. He had no taste for landscapes and rambling walks in the parks. Society had no attractions. Before his sight grew dim with age, and while his hand remained steady, there was nothing so attractive as industry. When he laid aside his apron and packed away his tools, under the pressure of his own senses, that they were no longer capable of serving him in his accustomed labour, he was a very sad and dissatisfied man. For over a year after "closing up" his bench, his eye was restless, and his tongue was ever asking for "something to do to fill up time."

Many hours of each day, during the past three years, his thoughts were devoted to subjects concerning the "inner life," and especially concerning the prospect of existence in the "Summer-Land." Independent in his temperament, and naturally strong in the moral attributes, and fond of mental liberty in every particular, he was fed and satisfied with the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy. They were a light to his understanding and an anchor to his soul. He fully investigated the claims of old theology, and therefore for himself ascertained the absolute truth of harmonial principles.

With reference to "death," he invariably expressed himself perfectly satisfied. Several times, during the last three years of his life, he had "visions" of the higher and better. His only anxiety seemed to be that, owing to a naturally healthy and vigorous body, he might be compelled to "live too long." His standing saying was, "When I can no longer be useful, then I want to be off."

His last days were a perfect fulfilment of every prayer I ever heard him utter with regard to the closing scenes of his terrestrial pilgrimage.

It was my privilege to witness the rolling down of life's curtain, which shut from his material senses the outer world of effects in which we yet dwell; but I was not prepared, just at that hour, to withdraw to the secret closet of clairvoyance. Therefore, like others present when he ceased to breathe, I saw the usual external grand, solemn fact. Of the locality of his spirit I had no perception, but supposed that, as in most instances I had witnessed, he would probably depart from the "Orange home" to the "Summer-Land" in the course of two or three hours.

On the subsequent morning I arose somewhat earlier than usual, and was the first to open the north door of the hall looking upon the garden. I walked out upon the stoop and halted at the second step of the short flight of stairs outside, and leaned lightly against the west banister, musingly looking at the flowering fruit-trees and beautiful verdure of the vines and shrubbery, and listening to the music of song-birds.

At this moment I felt a commotion in the atmosphere at my right hand. This aerial agitation was so surprising to my sensation, that, in less time than I can write this sentence, it had reversed the poles of outer consciousness. In a word, I was translated into a most perfect state of clairvoyance. This state, so far at least as personal sight and consciousness are concerned, is identical with the condition of a person "after death." It is unlike the state of the departed in one essential particular, that while the clairvoyant is still an inhabitant of the physical body, the departed one is wholly emancipated from the organic structure. The clairvoyant can, for the time being, see things and principles with the same sight that is natural to those who no longer dwell in the earthly body.

The incoming of clairvoyant perception at that moment, and by means of what seemed to be an atmospheric disturbance wholly external, proved of great advantage. The movement of the air was like that caused by a body passing with great swiftness through the immediate space.

With my attention thus attracted, I turned to the right, and at once *saw my father* in the act of passing out from the hall into the atmosphere on a plane level with the floor of the stoop! Imagine my surprise, because I had somehow settled into the conviction that he had left the Orange home even before the undertaker had performed his first kindly offices. True, my sister Eliza once said, during the evening, that to her it seemed that "father's spirit had not gone out of the house."

The face was his own in every essential feature and line of expression. In stature he was perhaps four inches shorter, and in general proportions about the same as I remember him thirty years ago, being consistent with the remarkable alteration in the height of his person. His motions seemed to be the result of some will-power or intelligence outside of his consciousness. He walked out with a kind of indecision, or languidly, and with the step of unconsciousness, peculiar to one moving about in a somnambule state. There was, however, an expression upon his countenance of complete repose. No child in the slumber of innocence ever looked more serene and happy. It was the expression of "rest" and profound satisfaction; and along down over his shoulders and new-born body there flowed and shone the same indescribable atmosphere of contentment and beauty.

On reaching the open space in front of the stoop, without seeming to notice that I was observing his movements, or indeed without taking any particular interest in anything that was going on with himself, he turned to the east, and rapidly glided to the side of a person, who, until that instant, I had not observed. The moment I saw this manly, intelligent personage, I was satisfied that his will, and not my father's, had developed all the voluntary movements I had witnessed. Unquestionably, his state was like that known as somnambulism; and he did not awaken on touching the side of the spiritual man who stood waiting for him on the north-east corner of the house. Their heads were about level with the window-sills of the second story. Immediately after he reached the other side, the twain rose rapidly toward the east, and passed beyond the reach of my already retiring

vision. Thus my father withdrew from his earthly entanglements!

In my joyousness and gratitude I hastened within to tell the "angel of the house" what had transpired but a few moments before. "Mary! I have just seen father go out of the hall, and around the corner of the house." For a moment she appeared overcome with astonishment, thinking of the possibility of the fact being external; but quickly gathering her thoughts to my meaning, she began to enjoy with me the glorious laws of resurrection, by which the old are made youthful and the sick healthful — by means of which all are prepared for progress and usefulness in the higher realms of existence. On going up-stairs to the room where reposed the cast-off body of the departed one, I chanced to step into a small bed-room at the south end of the upper hall, which at that time was not used for any purpose, and there most distinctly I realized that, in that unoccupied spot, the final spiritual organization which my father bore aloft, on the wings of the morning, was formed and prepared for the eternal pilgrimage. The atmosphere was still warm with the constructive process that had been so beautifully carried forward during the night. In the whole temple of the Father's wisdom I know of no spot more sacred than that where the Spirit is clothed upon for immortality.

THE JEWISH BROTHER.

THE following striking incident is related by Dr. Abraham Capadose:

"My worthy grandfather was a man of great sensibility and of a warm heart, but easily excited to wrath. He had a brother whom he dearly loved. One day they fell into a dispute, and each returned to his home in anger. This happened on a Friday.

"As the evening drew near, my good grandmother, who was another Martha, full of activity, began to make preparation for the Sabbath-day. 'Come, dear Joseph,' she exclaimed, 'the night is approaching; come, and light the Sabbath lamp.'

"But he, full of sadness and anguish, continued walking up and down in the room. His wife spoke again in anxiety. 'See, the stars are already shining in the

firmament of the Lord, and our Sabbath lamp is not yet lighted.'

"Then my grandfather took his hat and cane, and, evidently much troubled, hastened out of the house. But in a few moments he returned with tears of joy in his eyes. 'Now, dear Rebecca,' he exclaimed, 'now I am ready.'

"He repeated his prayer, and with gladness lighted the Sabbath lamp. Then he related the dispute which had occurred in the morning, adding, 'I could not pray and light my lamp before becoming reconciled with my brother Isaac.'

"'But how did you manage to do it so soon?'

"'O,' he replied, 'Isaac had been as much troubled as I was; he could not begin the Sabbath either, without becoming reconciled with me. So we met in the street; he was coming to me, and I was going to him, and we ran into each other's arms and wept.'

Might we not end this anecdote with those single words of Jesus, "Go and do likewise."

THE UNITARIANISM OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS, AS SEEN IN THE REPRESENTATIONS OF OUR LORD.

FROM the time man felt the sentiment of awe or the power of love, religion has flowed through the great heart of humanity, and left altars, pyramids, temples and churches. From the kind of altar or the form of the temple we can tell what anticipations, what faiths and hopes, were inspired by each kind or stage of religion. I do not intend at present to take so general a view of this subject: I propose only to take some of the remains of early *Christian art* which have come down to us, and from an examination of them learn what were the sentiments which animated the first believers of our faith, what were the hopes which encouraged them under their sorrows, and enabled them with joy to bear the cross and endure the shame, and finally to quit the scenes of earthly trial and persecution in sure and certain hope of a glorious immortality. The place where we may see better than anywhere else the peculiar features of early Christianity, is the

CATACOMBS OF ROME.

These are very extensive chambers and galleries dug in the soft crumbly rock on which the "Mistress of the World" is built. We read of one quarry which with its intricate network of intersecting galleries is fifteen miles long. The passages are generally low and narrow, with recesses cut in the sides for the reception of the dead, and they frequently end in small vaulted spaces, resembling chapels, or places where the festivals of the martyrs were held. It is generally supposed that they were originally nothing but pits, out of which sand had been dug for making cement, but afterwards used as burying-places for the lowest classes of the people, or for slaves who were either too poor to provide the usual and costly honours of a funeral pile, or too degraded to aspire to such a mark of respect. The Christians, believing in a material resurrection, revolted from a custom which seemed to disturb the economy of nature, and despised and avoided by the Pagans as the Catacombs were, they were eagerly chosen as resting-places for those who "fell asleep in Jesus." When the persecution broke out under Nero, and at other times also, the poor Christians, hunted like wild beasts to their lair, flew for concealment and safety to these dark and dreary abodes, and there dragged on their miserable lives, happy that they could even in dens and caves celebrate the rites of that religion which was dearer to them than the light of the sun or the purer air which played in the unconfined heavens above them. How they managed to live at all in these cold and dismal charnel-houses is not now the question, nor whether the Catacombs were ever more than temporary residences during the fiercest periods of the persecutions. It is certain that up to the latter half of the fourth century they were used for Christian cemeteries. In A.D. 365, Damasius I., Bishop of Rome, issued an edict closing them as places of interment and of general resort, and from that time to the sixteenth century very little was known about them. A few passages which opened into convents or churches had for some time been kept open, but no one thought of penetrating those gloomy abodes of death beyond the mere entrances. At the latter period, however,

they were again opened and eagerly and carefully examined. The Christian world was astounded at the wonders which now came to light. The sides of the narrow passages were full of recesses in which some faithful disciple, perhaps martyr, had been laid to sleep the last long sleep. Over each receptacle was a slab of stone or marble, on which was engraved some symbolic sign or epitaph. Placed beside the few remains of mouldering bones or a small handful of dust were found glass vessels, which at one time probably held the sacramental wine. On these vessels were depicted portraits of many of the New Testament characters and scenes from Old and New Testament history. On the sides and roofs of the larger chambers, which seem to have been used for churches, were paintings of scriptural subjects, and even portraits of men well known to the early church.

These are the things with which we have to do at present. They form a great part of what we call the remains of early Christian art. Some of them may be very rude in character and execution, but they are not the less significant on that account, nor the less interesting as exponents of religious thought. Christian art is always the reflex of Christian faith, and here it is that we see the immense value of these symbols and allegorical paintings. A few cross lines, a couple of letters, or a rude drawing of a dove, a palm branch or a vine, will be pregnant with a grand idea, and will shew what phase of religious thought was most popular at the time to which it belongs, what hopes and loves animated the persecuted but faithful adherents of Christianity.

All the symbols which have been found, whether on tombs or forming parts of the decorations of chapels, may be easily arranged into four classes. In the lowest class I shall include all those which have merely reference to the trade or calling of the person whose tomb they embellish. It is a matter of little interest to us to know that Marcianus was a shoemaker, Adeodatus a woolcomber, Diogenes a sand-digger, &c. Therefore I pass over without further mention implements of trade, such as shears and combs and hammers and wine-casks, which only indicate the class to which the deceased belonged in his lifetime.

The next class is more curious and interesting; I would call it the class of *Pagan emblems*. Under this head I would include the peacock, stag, crown, palm, lyre, Apollo as a shepherd, and the letters D.M. All these are found on Pagan as well as on Christian tombs, and there can be no doubt of their Pagan origin. The peacock was an emblem of Juno, the stag of Diana, the lyre of Apollo. Sometimes the figure of Apollo is depicted with a lamb across his shoulders and with other lambs at his feet, just as we find Jesus at a later period represented as the Good Shepherd. The letters D.M. are a contraction for a Pagan epitaph, "*Diis Manibus*"—to the Divine Manes, or souls of the dead. It might possibly be that the employment of these symbols secured the tombs from plunder and desecration by destroying all distinction between the resting-places of the believers in the old gods and the adherents to the new faith, or they might be adopted by the Christians simply on account of their easy application to higher forms of thought. Many writers on this subject have taken this latter view, and they say the stag of Diana becomes the poor persecuted Christian soul panting for the "living waters of eternal life;" the peacock, under the name of Phoenix, the soul after the resurrection; the crown and palm, the signs of victory; and D.M., a contraction of *Deo Magimo*, the Supreme God. This theory is by no means improbable. Christianity has put a deeper meaning and a higher life into many other things, and why not into symbols? When we talk of the heavenly Paradise, we have an idea of pure spiritual blessedness; but to the old heathens it represented only a place of sensual and gross pleasures. So it is just likely that those early Christians who borrowed signs and tokens from their Pagan neighbours, used them as expressive of the hopes and sentiments of their precious faith. If so, and if we may judge from the symbols employed, what a blessed, sweet and comforting faith it was! How full of deep and earnest piety! How radiant with a joyous hope! How inspired with an unshaken confidence that there was a victor's crown laid up for every one who endured to the end!

The class which I rank third in this

scale of symbols is that which is composed of Old Testament characters and events, used as emblems of Christ and Christianity. These belong to a class of much later date than the preceding, and some of them come very near to the time when the Catacombs were closed. The principal are, Moses receiving the law, or striking the rock; Abraham offering up Isaac; Jonah cast into the sea, symbolic of death, and vomited up on the land again, emblematic of the resurrection; Noah in the ark and stretching out his hands to receive the olive-branch; Daniel in the lion's den; and the three brethren in the furnace. The only subject calling for particular attention here is the sacrifice of Isaac. Some writers see in this the *vicarious sacrifice of the Son of God*. Be it so. The question arises, when this scene was first used in this symbolic sense. It is found in one of the compartments of the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, who died A.D. 359, and this is the only date which I have been able to find as in any way indicating the precise period when it was in vogue. I desire to point out this fact, particularly as I shall have occasion to refer to it again.

The next and highest class is what I shall call pure Christian symbols. Under this head I should arrange the fish, anchor, ship, dove, the cross and monogram of Christ, vine, candlestick, and the Good Shepherd. The fish seems to have come very early into use, no doubt because the letters which formed that word in Greek made the first letters in the sentence, *Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour*. The anchor was symbolic of the conclusion of a successful voyage. The ship, which in the later times was steered by Peter and Paul, signified the Christian church. The dove was the sign of peace. So far all is simple and clear; but we now approach a subject of some difficulty and doubt, I mean the cross. Hitherto, with the exception of Abraham, Daniel and the three brethren, we have not found any sign of pain, torture or anguish, either of body or of mind. All the emblems have been of a sweet, peaceful, consoling character, and indicative of the refining and elevating features and tendencies of our faith. There have not been found any emblems of the Lord's passion; no scourge, crown of thorns or bloody spear; nothing, in

short, to remind us of the sufferings which Jesus is said to have endured for the whole world. The cross, I know, will be instanced as testifying against me; but the history of this sign is most curious, and fully bears out what I have said.

The first form of the cross which was used as a symbol was simply like this, X, which was the first letter in the name of Christ, and which we still use when we write Xmas for Christmas, and Xtian for Christian. The next step was to put down the centre of X the Greek letter P, which was the second letter in the name of Christ. Still, you will see there is nothing expressive of shame or sorrow or suffering. The sign was merely the symbol of discipleship, and as such it was used during the first and second centuries. In the third and fourth centuries, however, there was a change made. Instead of the simple X with the P down the middle, the cross became like the letter T with the P at the top, while on one side was placed the letter Alpha, and on the other Omega, so that the whole sign meant, Christ the First and the Last. This belongs to the fourth century. Some writers say that it was not used in this complete form till the days of Constantine. It is certain that after his time it became very popular, and was used not only on tombs but on signet rings, glass and bronze vessels, and in mosaics. One circumstance I must mention. On the plaster of a grave in one of the Catacombs was found the impression of a stamp, which on being examined proved to be the monogram of Christ, that is X and P, with ES DEUS, so that the whole read, "Christ is God." This we may be sure was the act of some zealous follower of the Athanasian party, and it shews the great change which had taken place in the manifestation of discipleship.

In the early days of Christianity the emblems employed were simple and of a cheerful and hopeful kind. They indicated the beneficent features of our religion, and were calculated to inspire the sentiments of devotion and piety. In the fourth century, the emblems employed begin to indicate the prevailing party spirit and the dogmatic phase of thought. Out of the simple sign of Christ had been wrought the symbol of shame and suffer-

ing. Jesus, who was at first the True Vine, the Water of Life, the Good Shepherd, became elevated to the rank of a God, and was designated the First and the Last. The emblems of peace gave way to those of malignity and dogmatic warfare; piety was lost sight of in party spirit, and doctrine swallowed up devotion.

In my next paper I shall notice the representations of scriptural events, and those will lead me on to the portraits of our Lord. At present, let me conclude with repeating, that up to the fourth century there is no symbol which can in any way be taken as indicative of an early belief in the Deity of Christ, or of his vicarious sufferings. Without an exception, they are of a triumphant, cheerful, hopeful character, as simple in design as the faith was simple in doctrine.

J. T.

THE LOTUS PLANTER.

By THEODORE TILTON.

A BRAHMIN on a lotus-pod
Once wrote the holy name of God;
Then, planting it, he asked in prayer
For some new fruit, unknown and fair.
A slave near by, who bore a load,
Fell fainting on the dusty road.
The brahmin, pitying, straightway ran
And lifted up the fallen man.
The deed scarce done, he stood aghast
At touching one beneath his caste.
"Behold," he cried, "I am unclean,
My hands have clasped the vile and mean."
God saw the shadow on his face,
And wrought a miracle of grace.
The buried seed arose from death,
And bloomed and fruited at His breath.
The stalk bore up a leaf of green,
Whereon these mystic words were seen:
"First, count all men of equal caste—
Then count thyself the least and last."
The brahmin, with bewildered brain,
Beheld the will of God writ plain.
Transfigured then in sudden light,
The slave stood sacred in his sight!
Thereafter in the brahmin's breast
Abode God's peace, and he was blest.

THE FAITH OF THE UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN EXPLAINED, JUSTIFIED AND DISTINGUISHED.

By EZRA S. GANNETT, D.D.

WHAT DO UNITARIANS BELIEVE?

WHAT are the truths of Unitarian Christianity? What do Unitarians believe? This is the first question, and it is one which thousands might ask under a profound ignorance even of the nature of the reply that would be given. So little pains have been taken to learn what we really hold as truth, and so great misapprehension prevails, that the simplest statement of our faith may not be out of place. We believe, then, in God, as the Supreme, Perfect, and Infinite Being, Lord of heaven and earth, Author of all life, Source of every blessing, Searcher of hearts and Judge of men. We believe in his universal, constant and righteous providence, through which alone the framework of the creation and the processes of animate and inanimate existence are sustained. We believe in his moral government, which he exercises over all beings endowed with intellectual or moral capacities, and which, as it is rightfully exercised, so is inflexibly administered. We believe in his paternal character, in which he has been pleased to reveal himself to our admiration and love; a character which never shews him to us as weakly indulgent or capriciously tender, but as always consistent with his own perfections, while full of parental regard towards men. We believe in the requisitions of duty which he has promulgated, by which are laid upon us the obligations of outward and inward righteousness, and it is made incumbent on us to cultivate purity, devotion, disinterestedness, and the harmonious expansion of our nature, that the result may be an excellence which shall redound to the glory of God. We believe in his mercy, which enables him, without impairing the integrity of his government or subverting the original conditions of his favour, to forgive the penitent sinner and admit the renewed soul to an inheritance of eternal life. We believe in his revelations, which he has made by those of old times who spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit,—Moses and the divinely-inspired teachers

of the Jewish people,—and in a later age by Jesus Christ, the Son of his love and the Messenger of his grace. We believe that God is one in every sense in which the term can be applied to him,—one in nature, in person, in character, in revelation; and therefore we are Unitarians. We believe that Jesus was the Christ, the Anointed and Sent of God, whose truth he proclaimed, whose authority he represented, whose love he unfolded; and therefore we are Christians. We believe that Jesus Christ came on a special mission to our world,—to instruct the ignorant, to save the sinful, and to give assurance of immortality to those who were subject to death; that such a Teacher and Redeemer was needed; that he spake as never man spake, lived as never man lived, and died as never man died. We read the history of his life with mingled admiration and gratitude. We are moved by his cross to exercises of faith, penitence and hope. We rejoice in his resurrection, and celebrate him as Head of his Church, the authoritative Expounder of the Divine will, the faultless Pattern of the Christian character, the Manifestation and Pledge of the true life. We believe that man is a free and responsible being, capable of rising to successive heights of virtue, or of falling into deeper and deeper degradation; that sin is his ruin, and faith in spiritual and eternal realities the means of his salvation; that if he sin, it is through choice or negligence, but that in working out his own salvation he needs the Divine assistance. We believe that man, in his individual person, is from early childhood, through the force of appetite, the disadvantage of ignorance, and the strength of temptation, liable to moral corruption; that social life is in many of its forms artificial, and in many of its influences injurious; and that both the individual and society must be regenerated by the action of Christian truth. We believe that all life, private and public, all human powers and relations, all thought, feeling and activity, should be brought under the control of religious principle, and be pervaded by Christian sentiment. We believe that piety is the only sure foundation of morality, and morality the needed evidence of piety. We believe that "perfection from weak-

ness through progress" is the law of life for man; and that this law can be kept only where an humble heart is joined with a resolute mind and an earnest faith. We believe that men should love and serve one another, while all love the Heavenly Father, and follow the Lord Jesus to a common glory. We believe in human immortality, and a righteous retribution after death; when they who have lived in obedience, or have reconciled themselves to God through sincere repentance, shall enter upon a nobler fruition of life, while they who have been disobedient and impenitent shall realize the consequences of their folly in shame and suffering. We believe in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as containing the authentic records of God's wonderful and gracious ways, seen in the history of his ancient people, and in the miraculous works and divine teachings of Jesus and his apostles; and to these Scriptures we appeal as the decisive authority upon questions of faith or duty, interpreting them in the devout exercise of that reason, through which alone we are capable of receiving a communication from Heaven. We believe in the Christian Church as a consequence of the labours and sufferings by which Christ has gathered unto himself, out of many nations and communions, "a peculiar people," embracing his gospel and cherishing his spirit,—the Church on earth, with its ministry, its ordinances and its responsibilities, the anticipation and promise of the Church in heaven.

Such are the prominent truths of Unitarian Christianity, I conceive, as held by those who adopt this name as the designation of their faith, and who, however they may disagree on questions of inferior moment, would probably concur in this exhibition of the articles of their belief.

JUSTIFICATION OF UNITARIANISM.

And now what need is there that we should enter upon a vindication or defence of such a faith? Does it not carry its own justification in the elements of which it is composed? Does it not sound right? Does it not look right? Has it not the aspect and savour of truth? Does not reason approve, and Scripture sanction it? We can answer these questions in but one way. We are satisfied that ours is a correct faith, of

which we need not be ashamed, but in which we may glory before men, and by which we may hope to obtain eternal salvation. Yet to many ears and eyes it wears a suspicious character. It is not the popular, the prevalent, the "orthodox" faith. Strictly *orthodox*, as we contend, emphatically evangelical, these titles are deemed inapplicable to it by most of the Christian denominations by which we are surrounded. They account it as at best grievously defective, if not radically unsound. We are driven, therefore, to the necessity of proving that we hold the essential and sufficient truths of religion. And I must now proceed to give such a reply as the time will permit to a second question,—What are the grounds on which we rely for the justification of our belief?

UNITARIANISM SUITED TO HUMAN CAPACITIES.

First, I remark, it finds justification in our nature; as both the capacities and wants of this nature pronounce in its favour. Let me, however, anticipate here an objection, with which we are familiar,—that the acceptableness of our views of religion to a depraved nature is a proof of their falsehood. It is not of the tastes of a depraved mind or the tendencies of a corrupt heart that we speak, but of inherent, indestructible characteristics of the nature which God has given us, and of necessities which arise out of the constitution imposed by our Creator. The human being and the Christian religion came from the same Source. They must be suited to one another, for Christianity was intended by its infinitely wise Author to meet the exigencies of humanity. Unless, therefore, we recognize a correspondence between our religion and our nature, we conclude against God, imputing to him a defective performance of his gracious designs. Is not this to "charge him foolishly" and ungratefully?

Of the capacities which consciousness reveals to us, let us select two—one of which marks us as rational, and the other as religious beings; for no one will deny that we are *capable* of religious, as of intellectual, exercises. Take, then, the rational faculty, and let it examine the truths which we have just repeated. Is there one which it would not approve? Not one, we confidently affirm. There

is nothing here at which reason need be or would be offended, nothing at which it must "stand aghast," or from which it must turn away in contempt. If this seem but small praise to bestow on a religious system, let it be remembered that as much cannot be said for all the theology in the Christian world. As we look over the history of opinion in the Church, we esteem it no slight recommendation of the views which we entertain, that they harmonize with the conclusions to which reason is brought by a study of the works and ways of God, and the constitution and situation of man. But, further, not only is each article of our belief, when separately considered, such as reason may accept without injury to its prerogative of distinguishing between what is worthy and what unworthy of reception, but there is no contradiction or inconsistency between these articles. Each finds support in every other, and each gives support to all the rest; yet not through an artificial arrangement, but from the harmony that always prevails among the different portions of truth, which, like the disjoined members of a perfect figure, when brought together are seen to belong to each other. Now we cannot but value our faith for this sentence of approbation which reason is compelled to pass upon it; for we do not believe that revelation was intended to put such an affront on that faculty which was the greatest previous gift of the Creator to man, as would be implied in disregarding its decisions.—*To be continued.*

THE BROKEN BOWL.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said that she would be beaten, on her return home, for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face, and said, "But you can mend it, can't ee?" Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same

spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her meanwhile tell her mother she had seen a gentleman, who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home, he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner-party in Bath. But finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to one of his family as he did so, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

THE GREAT BELL AND THE LITTLE BELL.

WITHIN an old Cathedral hung
A mighty bell;
Which never, save at Easter, swung
One solemn knell;
And then so slowly all around
Its echoes fell,
The peasants trembled at the sound
Of that big bell.

Not far from the Cathedral stood
A Hermit's cell,
And in its belfry tower of wood,
A little bell;
Whose daily tinklings thro' the year
So faintly fell,
The peasants hardly gave an ear
To that small bell.

The Hermit, he who owned the same,
And loved it well,
Resolved that it should share the fame
Of the big bell;
So, tolling it *but once a year*,
With one brief knell,
He taught the peasants to revere
His little bell.

And there are fools, in vast repute,
Who, strange to tell,
Enjoy their fame by *being mute*,
Like that small bell;
These would-be sages seldom speak,
For they know well,
That frequent utterance would break
The solemn spell.

From the Spanish of Yriarte.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ORGAN.—This instrument is of so great antiquity, that neither the time nor place of its invention, nor the name of its inventor, is identified; but that it was used by the Greeks, and from them borrowed by the Latins, is generally allowed. St. Jerome describes one that could be heard a mile off; and says that there was an organ at Jerusalem which could be heard at the Mount of Olives. Organs are said to have been first introduced into France in the reign of Louis I., A.D. 815, and the construction and use of them taught by an Italian priest, who learned the art at Constantinople. By some, however, the introduction of them into that country is carried as far back as Charlemagne, and by others still further. The earliest mention of an Organ in the northern histories, is in the annals of the year 757, when the Emperor Constantine sent to Pepin of France, among other rich presents, a "musical machine," which the French writers describe to have been composed of "pipes and large tubes of tin," and to have imitated sometimes the "roaring of thunder," and at others, the "warbling of a flute." One writer alleges that organs were first used in churches about 600; another, that they were not used till after the time of Thomas Aquinas, about A.D. 1250. Gervas, the monk of Canterbury, who flourished about 1200, says they were in use about a hundred years before his time. If his authority be good, it would countenance a general opinion, that organs were common in the churches of Italy, Germany and England, about the tenth century.

MARRYING FOR SHOW.—To the question often asked of young men why they do not marry, we sometimes hear the reply, "I am not able to support a wife." In one case in three, perhaps, this may be so; but as a general thing, the true reply would be, "I am not able to support the style in which I think my wife ought to live." In this again we see a false view of marriage, a looking to an appearance in the world, instead of a union with a loving woman for her own sake. There are very few men, of industrious habits, who cannot maintain a wife if they are willing to live economically, and without reference to the opinion of the world. The great evil is, they are not content to begin life humbly, to retire together into an obscure position and together work their way in the world—he by industry in his calling, and she by dispensing with prudence the money that he earns. But they must stand out and attract the attention of others by their fine houses and fine clothes.

UNITARIAN CHURCH AT CHARLESTON.—We have learned from an entirely reliable source that the Unitarian church edifice in Charleston is wholly free from injury and in good repair. We trust the American Unitarian Association will soon have a good and true minister on the way to occupy the pulpit. South Carolina needs the true gospel.

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY has been made at Milan in effecting certain repairs in the vaults of the Church of St. Ambrose. In the wall a stone has been found with an inscription upon it, commemorating a legacy left to the Milanese by Pliny. The inscription is partly effaced, but is sufficiently legible to shew that Pliny left a sum of money for an annual banquet to the populace; another for founding two schools for poor boys and girls; and a third for a public library. This stone was broken, to be used for the sepulchre of King Lotharius, in 960.

THE FRENCH CHURCH IN DANGER.—Recent discussions on the Encyclical have given us some interesting facts respecting the real strength of parties in the church. From these we learn that the numerical estimate is not always the safe one. Thus, of the total population of France, which on the 31st December, 1861, amounted to 37,472,732 souls, only about 1,700,000 were estimated as non-Catholics. And yet in the legislative body, which numbers 283 members, though elected by general suffrage, not more than 20 members are found on the side of the church whenever the claims of the latter are opposed by the opposite parties.

THE BIBLE IN CHAINS.—In the vestry of the parish church of St. Michael's, Southampton, there are preserved the reading desks where persons used to read the Bible after the Reformation, and the chains by which the Bibles were fastened to the desks.

PROGRESS IN AUSTRIA.—Austria, according to the census of 1857, had a total population of 35,018,988, about 8,500,000 of which were non-Catholics. Of the periodical press of the country, according to statements made by prominent Austrian Catholics at the Catholic congresses of Germany, more than five-sixths of all are decidedly anti-Catholic. They have again shewn themselves thus in discussing the Papal bull. In the Austrian Reichsrath an overwhelming majority of the lower house persists in demanding entire religious liberty to be inserted among the fundamental principles of the Constitution.

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Communications for the Editor to be addressed to Rev. R. SPEARS, 15, Upper Stamford Street, S., and all Business Letters to WHITEFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, Strand, W.C.